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VISTAS

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in

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The essays, etc., appearing in the issues of this journal will, for the most part, be derived from the work of seminar students, alumni, and members of the staff of The Barnes Foundation Art Department. On occasion, we shall publish articles and pieces not directly concerned with the Foundation's philosophy but representing original work by the Art Department's students and outside contributors which the editorial staff considers to be of general interest to Vistas readers.

Water Clock—Marshall, Chester—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

From the Editors

For this issue of VISTAS, we depart from our usual practice of offering articles which put forth and exemplify some aspect of The Barnes Foundation educational method and philosophy. We have, instead, brought together three pieces—each sharing a generally similar overall topic, but each also being relatively discrete in the character of its presentation of that topic—which independently came to our attention for their individual merit. In each instance, the topic is treated in a distinctively personal manner, and its development moves at its own pace—andante, perhaps, in the case of Marcelle Pick's piece, and moderato and allegro, respectively, in Joseph H. Bloom's and Gilbert M. Cantor's.

Further encouraging us to make this departure from our usual practice is the fact that the grouping here serves to demonstrate, in another medium of expression, a point developed in The Barnes Foundation classes about the relationship between the painter's chosen subject and his finished canvas. For, just as the artist-painter, as the Foundation's students learn, does not paint a landscape, a figure, a still life, but paints a picture which embodies the meanings and feelings of his *aesthetic experience* of his subject, so does the artist-writer not depict his topic as anyone could observe it to be, but presents that topic as what it has come to be and to mean through the writer's personal *aesthetic response* to it. It is in that sense that, although not directly related to art per se or to education, the presentations in this issue of VISTAS reflect, each in its own way, the principles of aesthetic expression that are taught in The Barnes Foundation classes and seminars.

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VISTAS

Vol. III No. 2

1987–1988

Life Is a Journey for Which We Need More Than "*Bon Voyage*"*

by Marcelle Pick**

Introduction

In the spring of 1973, I was called upon to give courses in art appreciation based upon the teaching and philosophy of The Barnes Foundation Art Department to sixth-grade students. Faced with the necessity to focus their interest on a subject with which they had hitherto been largely unfamiliar, I† invented the E-bus (E stands for Esthetic). At the beginning of each lesson, we would all board our imaginary bus. Sometimes we would travel along the lines of a painting to experience the quality of their movement within the painting. At other times we moved from color patch to color patch, studying their mu-

*This essay was originally given by the author as an audiovisual presentation in February, 1981, at the School of Social Administration of Temple University, Philadelphia. It has also been presented to the Faculty Seminar of the Institute on Aging, Temple University, Philadelphia, and, recently, to the Seminar of The Barnes Foundation Art Department.

**Alumna of The Barnes Foundation Art Department and member of its Seminar.

†Chinese (Yüan Dynasty), "Poet on Mule, with Companion"—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

tual interaction. We floated through deep space (our E-Bus could do it) in some paintings and, in others, encountered space too shallow for our bus to enter.

The children found themselves happy and secure on our imaginary E-Bus. As a transferred value* or metaphor, it was a vehicle which took us to many adventures in discovery. So wholeheartedly did the children take to it that, one day after the lesson had ended and I was gathering up my materials, a boy burst back into the classroom and exclaimed, "Sorry, Teach! I left my book on the bus." At that moment I realized the full impact of transferred values upon the process of living.

Eight years later, as a social gerontologist, I endeavored to discuss aging with people who basically did not want to confront the issue or deal with it. After much soul-searching, I remembered my little helpers—the transferred values—and how they had helped me in bringing members of another age group to face something they might not, at first sight, have been interested in. I decided to go back to transferred values and see if they could help me once again. I used them liberally in the audiovisual presentation and in the following article based upon it. Ultimately, however, the subject of this article is self-awareness and the passage of time as they relate to aging.

Life is a Journey . . .

Do I have everything? Ticket, luggage, itinerary?
Shall I take a parasol,
or would a pith helmet give me more comfort?
Does one ride a camel barefoot or with spurs?
Should I use soap when washing in a mirage?

I should have thought of these details sooner;
I am not ready. . . . I need more time. . . .†

---

*Main points about transferred values (or qualities):

1. Transferred values are, in visual art, the equivalent of the metaphor or figure of speech in literature.
2. Transferred values are achieved through distortion of realistic fact, resulting in transfer of values from one field of experience to another.
3. Transferred values come about from an association of things, events, or people that was initiated by our perception and enhanced and worked upon with the help of our knowledge, past experience, and imagination.
4. Transferred values do not affect or alter the substance of a work, but they broaden and enrich the esthetic experience of it and make specific the object of the experience.
5. Transferred values should not be confused with the illustrative aspect nor with make-believe or camouflage.

†This and all subsequent poems in this text, unless otherwise noted, are the author's.

A journey . . . What is a journey?

Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus defines the word "journey" as "a passage from one place to another." The English poet Harold Monro begins his poem "Journey" as follows:

> How many times I nearly miss the train
> By running up the staircase once again
> For some dear trifle almost left behind.
> At that last moment the unwary mind
> Forgets the solemn tick of station time
> That muddy lane the feet must climb—
> The bridge—the ticket—signal down—
> Train just emerging beyond the town:
> The great blue engine panting as it takes
> The final curve, and grinding on its brakes
> Up to the platform-edge. . . . The little doors
> Swing open, while the burly porter roars.
> The tight compartment fills: our careful eyes
> Go to explore each other's destinies.
> A lull. The station-master waves. The train
> Gathers, and grips, and takes the rails again,
> Moves to the shining open land, and soon
> Begins to tittle-tattle a tame tattoon.

The traveler's great excitement is conveyed through those lines; everything gains momentum and importance as the train nears, arrives, is boarded, and resumes its onward course.

Harold Monro starts his "journey" at the train station, but let us now listen to Baudelaire, the French poet who, in *Flowers of Evil,* begins his poem "Voyage" with the following lines, which I shall offer in French, for the melody of the poem, then in English.

> *Pour l'enfant, amoureux de cartes et d'étampes,*
> *L'univers est égal à son vaste appétit.*
> *Ah! que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes!*
> *Aux yeux du souvenir que le monde est petit!*

> For children crazed with maps and prints and stamps—
> The universe can sate their appetite.
> How vast the world is by the light of lamps,
> But in the eyes of memory how slight!

To Baudelaire, a journey is a very subjective event. A journey starts in one's mind, in one's dream. The getting ready for it seems to be the most important thing, while the journey itself fades in one's memory.

But, regardless of the way the poets present their journeys, they both stress the awareness of their experience. Undertaking a journey is not a passive action, but a very active one, for which one prepares much in advance.

Life hands us a one-way ticket to many destinations. Once we have traveled to one, we can never go back. The train moves on, and we are put aboard, carried, cajoled, pampered, fed as often as we can take it, serenaded to: through infancy we take a cruise. Our childhood is spent down the rabbit hole, underground with Alice.*

We emerge from our world of fantasy, a little dazed but certain we are people. In fact, we wonder if we did not waste too much time underground, and we rush to action, all screams and laughter: our adolescence is a fairground in which we go up and down on the roller coaster. The journey is quite fun, even though painful and dizzying around the bends. It is a trip we enjoy but would not necessarily take again.

But, once more, life declares a stop as it hands us a ticket to adulthood. Loaded with gear and years of education, we join a survival camp, meet the leaders, endure orientation, and soon we are managing our own rubber raft through the rapids. We ascend, we descend, obtain medals and badges. We mate and give birth to children. We are kept so busy that at times we wish we could again slip down the hole with Alice and the rabbit.

Instead, life hands us a new ticket on which is printed "You are old—Destination: Mount Everest." We hesitate, we fumble; a sly fog falls; our friends disintegrate; the pale sun shines through the clouds, but it has no strength to overcome the bitter cold nor to dissipate the loneliness we feel. Unprepared, without gear, we take the high road to the summit of our lives, wondering how we could have spent a life devoid of preparation for this arduous climb.

The rope of human bondage holds us for a while. But, through the blizzards and avalanches, some of us fall, others freeze, and yet a few march on. No one can turn back. The higher we go, the fewer we are. By fingernails and boot tips we hang on. Lifting our eyes to the summit, we see more than rock, ice, and snow. We see the immense blue emptiness of the sky,

---

*Sir John Tenniel, "Alice and the Rabbit," *Through the Looking Glass—Complete Works of Louis Carroll,* Vintage Books, New York, 1976, p. 28.

and, beyond that, the challenge to our own quality as human beings—a chance to conquer our own weakness, ignorance, and fear. We struggle to match reality to dream. We strive for what is beyond our grasp.

Robert Frost says in one of his poems—

Ah, when to the heart of man
  Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
  To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
  Of a love or a season?

My concern with old age is that it should be readied for before one gets there. There are as many ways one can achieve this as there are ways to travel and to pack. The luggage I would choose would be light but expandable. I certainly could carry it alone. It would have three boxes, each one with its own initials—A. T. (Awareness of Time), A. I. (Awareness of Identity), A. A. (Awareness of Age).

Maybe I could entice you to open and share with me the container of Awareness of Time.

The English poet Ralph Hodgson calls Time "Old Gypsy Man."

Time, you old gypsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with May.
Time, you old gypsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gypsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

What is Time? Do we ever see its face? Is Time a clock? A day? A year? Do we know Time? Or do we just hear it click? And through the stages of our lives, how do we deal with it? In childhood, we do not know it exists by itself: there is playing Time, sleeping Time, story Time. In adolescence, we waste Time, we wish it away, we are in such a hurry to get on: we have "no time" for Time. In adulthood, we fight Time, hoping to get more of it. In old age, we have at last made friends with Time because we have learned to live with it: we know we are a part of it.

So, does Time have a face?

Yes, it does but it disguises it
into minutes and days—
and I have learned to lift its mask
and gaze in the depths of its eyes
and hold its soul . . .

Does Time have a body? Or just a length? Rivers are measured in length. But Time is an ocean, and I have traveled its depth. I have touched its secrets. My eyes have feasted on the colors of its jewels. I do not ride on the tides of Time, I dive into its deep seabed and absorb what it holds, its moments.

Here is a poem titled "Depth of a Moment":

Did you ever ride
along the shore
and suddenly feel
a transient joy?
Did your bicycle go
as fast as the wind,
your mind soar
to reach the sun?

Did the spray of waves
touch your skin and you
became a particle of sky?
Did you move very fast
and yet felt still?
Did the pendulum
of your soul
swing on an even line
with the one
of the cosmic world?

Was that moment
etched in eternity
and yet every minute
flew by?
You wanted to die
to preserve
the happiness you had.

The seagulls came
and like the clams
they pick and drop
to smash;
your happiness lay bare,
its oneness with you
broken in halves.

Time is not made of solid stone. Its hollowness is there for us to fill.

*

A last poem before we close the box and open the next one:

*American Indian Pottery Jar—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

Time

Time is elastic
it has two ends
and a middle that grows.

Time is hollow
you can fill it
or leave it empty

Time is a kite
it flies, soars, dips

Time is a worm
it crawls, sometimes hides

Time is elastic
let it pull, let it give
Time is yours
for you, now.

Our first box is filled.

We now hold the box containing Awareness of Identity. What is Identity? Can it be contained? Does Identity have parameters within which it functions?

Identity, I find, is elusive, difficult to contain, difficult to define. Identity is the sap that feeds one particular tree and makes it grow tall and yet leaves another tree to be dwarfed and gnarled. Identity is a characteristic which seems inborn, but can only grow if we realize its function, its limits. Identity, then, is acceptance. Acceptance of who and what we are, of what we can do and what we can't.

Identity is knowing who we are and accepting it. If one of us is an apple tree, he cannot possibly expect to bear cherries. But he can strive to exist within himself. That means acceptance.

But Identity is also something else. In an orchard, how does the apple tree know he is an apple tree and not a cherry tree? How can he accept that he will bear fruits not in June, but in July? He has to listen to the winds and feel how they bend him. He has to offer his fruits to the sun and be patient and wait until they ripen, whilst the cherry tree blooms, bears fruit and reigns king throughout the month of June. And still the apple tree holds his arms out to the sun.

Identity, therefore, is knowledge of ourselves, acceptance,

and dignity to stand as we are because we are we and different from others.

Identity is a journey within ourselves to hear the voice that speaks of us and of no one else. Identity is not the color, but rather the texture, that makes us recognizable to others and to ourselves. It is also the parameter within which we can function regardless of others.

Identity is not the name that was given to us as a label. Besides, we have so many names:

To our children we are Mother or Father
To our neighbors we are Mrs. or Mr.
To our spouse we are John or Valerie
But to ourselves, we are we . . . we are a creature
living within a shell
and unlike the crab we cannot
when we have outgrown it
abandon it and grow a new one,
And that is why Identity is
acceptance of ourselves
growing within confinement.
Dignity is the force that
holds us up and lets us
face the sun.

The poet Theodore Roethke writes the following line on self-identification:

A man goes far to find out what he is.

In the subsequent lines of his poem, Roethke crystallizes his continuing preoccupation with Identity.

I'm naked to the bone,
With nakedness my shield.
Myself is what I wear:
I keep the spirit spare.

Roethke, later on, speaks on being:

> Being, not doing, is my first joy

Identity, therefore, is not only knowing who we are, but relying on *being* who we are.

Sara Teasdale affirms the importance of Identity and the self-reliance one can draw from it in her poem "The Crystal Gazer."

> I shall gather myself into myself again
> I shall take my scattered selves and make them one,
> Fusing them into a polished crystal ball
> Where I can see the moon and the flashing sun.
>
> I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent,
> Watching the future come and the present go,
> And the little shifting pictures of people rushing
> In restless self-importance to and fro.

*

Identity has blossomed out of our box. We know now what it is made of, how necessary it is that we seek it out, listen to it, and spend time with it. Identity is a secret friend with whom we can have dialogues. Identity is the friend who sits with us when we sit alone. Therefore, through our lives we should seek out and let blossom "those scattered selves and make them one," even though it might take almost a lifetime to discover the "us" in us.

In closing this box, I recall an autobiographic poem.

Autobiography

> The chalky plains
> of Champagne
> do not only nurture
> the grape into sparkling wine,
> those plains nurtured me.

---

*Pre-dynastic Egyptian, "Female Figure in Nile Mud"—British Museum, London.

A tomboy with wounded knees,
a schoolgirl bewitched by fantasy
growing up scheming
to hide in pianos

and be a spy
I reached the mature
age of seventeen.

Bundled and packed
to be delivered
to a rolling ship.
I crossed the sea
and spent a year
at boarding school
Learning to transmute
My galloping thoughts
into the King's English.

I returned to France
dreaming to be British.
Suffered an exquisite summer
of warmth and sunshine
before sailing back
to the foggy shores
where for the next
eight years—in a starched uniform—
I learned to confront
death and elongate life.

The handsome Prince
did not appear
on a white stallion
to ravish me.
He bore a white coat
under a professorial grin.
I would never be a spy;
instead, I'd be . . . a wife.

Once more, I sailed the seas,
an unknown life in Philadelphia
waiting to try me.
At the unmentionable age
of forty-one
I suddently realized
I had grown to fit
my elastic skin.
If I could not be
George Sand,
I . . . would be me.

My last box is here, ready to be opened. It has no lock, and yet I hesitate to open it without letting my eyes be soothed by its gentle glow. My fingers, touching it, experience a certain languor; they caress its smoothness, whilst a force pulls my other hand to follow the lines of its edges. There is no sharpness anywhere, . . . all the angles are rounded like a country road. I would like to linger within the calm dignity of this five-hundred-year-old box. Old! Did I say old? Should I rather not say five-hundred years of aliveness? The English language forces me to apply a term with pejorative connotation to something that has given five-hundred years of esthetic awareness and pleasure.

*

But let us open the box . . . . It creaks as it opens and releases warm scent of faded roses and pressed violets. The silk lining, a little frayed, glitters in its warm tones of rust, lustrous gold, and hues of sky blue.

Age! I discover you here, in your quiet splendor. Your mellowness invites me in, whilst your wisdom guides me slowly through your outer wear into the gaze of your eyes. Age! Please do tell what it is to be old.

†

To be old is to know you have lived.
To be old is to have loved and been loved.
To be old is to remember being young.
To be old is to have known joy, sorrow, pain and death.
To be old is to have learned and sometimes forgotten.
To be old is to be human as much as when you were young.

In my search for the essence of Age I turn to William Butler Yeats. This is what he says:

---

*Japanese, Mu Romachi Period (XV Century), Cosmetic Box—National Museum, Kyoto, Japan.

†Picasso, "The Blind Man"—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

When You Are Old

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Continuing my search, I turn to an old friend, a tree, and this is what he says of aging, of friends, and of loneliness.

Alone

I grew up wriggling my toes in the ground,
my body stretching to reach the sky,
my face toasted by the sun.

I had friends, lots of them, we would play
at making the wind whistle
and the rain sing.

But things changed; I can no longer wriggle
my toes in the soft ground, they always hit
mortar or cement.

I still stretch my body toward the sky
but clouds, those ugly grey elephants, push
me down . . . my face no longer sees the sun.

My friends are gone, some
were killed in the wars of men and industries . . .
the others got sick without getting old
and died.

I am alone, I am a tree.

*

I asked an old warrior to tell me about pain. He answered:

Pain Is The Crown

†

Pain is the crown that
consecrates you King
its weight is monumental
but renders your shoulders strong

At times, the glare of the rubies
galvanizes you still
the trenchant edge of metal rim
perforates flesh of the brain within
jarring your own consciousness.

You close your eyes
you tighten your skin
you are the victor and
pain is the crown that
consecrates you King.

I then asked a renowned musician about the passing years. He replied, "There is no such thing as passing years; it is only a deeper understanding of the total experience, until you finally go."

---

*Van Gogh, "Landscape"—Formerly in the collection of Leo M. Rodgers, New York.

†Monster head of Litsea Wood, Chinese, IV Century B.C.—British Museum, London.

Age, I decided, wears many masks.

* † ¶

So, why could we not tempt Age to wear the one we like best? Why could we not make friends with Age, spend time talking, spend time being? Why could we not make Age welcome in our lives, let him know we have prepared for his arrival? He may sculpt our bodies, because our Identity is strong. Together, Age and Identity weave the fabric of Time, interlacing the rough warp of acceptance with threads of understanding.

My three boxes are now closed and ready for traveling. My luggage has become a part of my aliveness and my self. I know now that I needed Age to understand life itself. I needed to climb to the summit to see the expanse of the plains below.

Detached from the demands of daily work and family responsibilities, I soar like an eagle to fulfill my own destiny. My life from this height is an aerial view of colored patches. Some are smooth, some are rough, some are small, others long and narrow. Every patch carries colors of the other patches; the blue forget-me-nots of my childhood bloom throughout the colored pattern. Yellow dandelions streak through the green of my adult life. It is I who made this map; it is I who colored it. My Identity gave it its pattern. Time gave it its variety, whilst Age applied a lustrous patina to the surface of its contours. The child in me is still heard laughing and babbling; the teenager is still rebelling; and the adult emerges in various guises—the

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*African Mask—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

†African Mask—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

¶African Mask—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

worker, the mother, the friend, the sister, the mate. And now, from this vantage point, the map is complete. At last, it holds all the hues of the spectrum.

*

In ending, it is to the forget-me-nots of my childhood that I would like to address the last poem, because, regardless of our age, there is always a child inside us, and that child seeks the same beauty, the same esthetic realization that we continue to seek throughout our lives. The poem, written for children, is by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers.

Keep a poem in your pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

So—
Keep a picture in your pocket
and a poem in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

---

*Renoir, "Girl with Jump Rope"—The Barnes Foundation Collection, at Merion, PA.

Time
Time was—Time is—Time will be

by Joseph H. Bloom*

Time was feels unreal when worn in *time is.*
Four years ago, the 22nd? My God, has it been that long?
Last month? I could swear it was only last week.
This morning? Are you quite sure? It seems like eons ago.
Where did it go?
Why did I ever worry about it when it was still *time will be?*

Time is may abide peacefully or it may be unbearable.
The user sees to that in large measure.
Time is may be spent. Or utilized. Or lived.
The user sees to that.
To live *time is* is the highest.
To spend it, a waste.

Time will be is an impossible quantity in *time is.*
When will THE DAY ever arrive?
How can I prepare for *time will be?*
Time will be is unreachable. Unlivable. But not unthinkable.
And then *time will be* is *time is* and then *time was.*
Four years ago? My God, has it been that long?

---

*Alumnus of The Barnes Foundation Art Department and member of its Seminar.

Tick-Tocks

from

Ancient Clocks

The clocks reproduced on the following pages are from the Collection of The Barnes Foundation, at Merion, PA.

American Grandfather Clock.

American Grandfather Clock.

American Grandfather Clock—John Tefsler & Frederick Tonir.

American Grandfather Clock.

American Grandfather Clock—Benjamin Willard, 1772, Roxbury, Mass.

American Grandfather Clock.

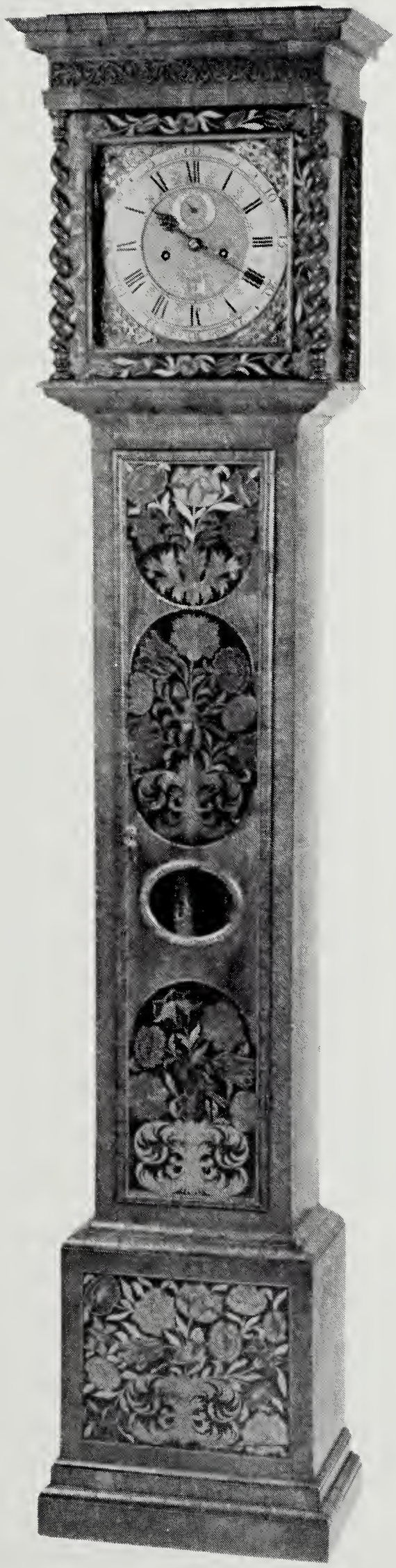
American Grandfather Clock—1767.

American Grandfather Clock—John Schoffenberger, 1792.

American Grandfather Clock—Wilson, 1770.

American Grandfather Clock—A.D. Brant, 1795, New Hanover.

American Grandfather Clock—Jacob Sallade, 1778.



English "Tall-case" Clock—Christopher Goddard, 1720, London.

Thinking about Time*

by Gilbert M. Cantor

With a Foreword
by Nancy Rothkopf Cantor**

Foreword—*Beginnings and Endings*

Gil Cantor died on April 1, 1987. Thinking About Time, *which follows, was neither Gil's first nor last written work. But the title "Beginnings and Endings" seemed appropriate to me for the first posthumous publication of one of Gil's writings, particularly one which expresses Gil's probable earliest thoughts on the subject of time. "Beginnings and Endings" is not original to me; I borrowed it from an organization, relatively obscure by its own choice, called the International Society for the Study of Time. "Beginnings and Endings" was the theme of the Society's Fourth Conference, held in 1979, in Alpbach, Austria, which Gil and I attended. As a practicing lawyer and not an academic, Gil was an oddity in the group which, at that time, was composed of approximately one hundred academicians from all over the world, elected to membership, representing divers disciplines and areas of activity and knowledge, all bound together by their common fascination with time. However, Gil's interest in the subject of time pre-dated by a great many years his election to membership in this unusual organization; it also pre-dated the work that follows.* Thinking About Time, *written in 1963 and intended as a book for children, was not Gil's first writing on the subject that was to fascinate and even haunt him throughout his whole life.*

In 1954, after he graduated from Harvard Law School, Gil wrote his first paper on time—his Master's Thesis on time and the law. Later, no matter what path he followed and to what cause he rallied over the years, this intense attraction to time in all of its aspects persisted and grew, leading to voracious reading and many published and unpublished works both directly and indirectly on the subject.

---

*Published by permission of Nancy Rothkopf Cantor, Executor of the Estate of Gilbert M. Cantor.

**Member of The Barnes Foundation course in the Philosophy and Appreciation of Art.

The year 1963 was an important one in Gil's life. He had not yet attended the first-year basic course at The Barnes Foundation, which experience, he always maintained, changed the course of his life. However, by 1963 he had written The Barnes Foundation—Reality vs. Myth, *the research for which put him in extensive contact with The Barnes Foundation collection, the Barnes teachers, then-current and former students, and other Barnes disciples. The Barnes influence on the work is unmistakable:*

> *in the objective and orderly approach to a rather ethereal subject;*
> *in the resplendent use of transferred qualities throughout;*
> *in the physical structure of the verses themselves*
> *painting pictures of the flow of time;*
> *in the meter mimicking the movement of a clock.*

For example, in the part of the book devoted to the tick-tock (beginning on page 43), the arrangement of the lines and the words, along with the meter, is suggestive of the rhythm of a pendulum swinging back and forth providing the requisite tick-tock.

Originally, Gil intended to have two versions of the book called A Book for Thinking About Time *(perhaps* Time I *and* Time II*): one for younger children, to end after the part about the tick-tocks (page 44), and another for middle-school, or possibly high-school, children, which would include the entire version printed here plus additional sections on history and science. Gil actually worked on the history part, which begins:*

> *We have many things left over from the past:*
> *maps and mummies,*
> *paintings and costumes,*
> *buildings and legends,*
> *and even for a while,*
> *memories.*
> *These things speak to us*
> *Of the times from which they came.*
> *They tell us of lives that were lived,*
> *of heroes and traitors,*
> *and ordinary folk*
> *whose names we don't remember.*
> *They tell us of wars that were fought*
> *and of worlds that were won*
> *and of ideas that sparked and spread*
> *like forest fires,*
> *giving heat*
> *and sometimes light*
> *for centuries.*

Also intended was a section on certain scientific aspects which may have foreshadowed Gil's later intense study in this area. One aspect was to be a discussion of how a clock which is attached to an object which is in motion in relation to the observer moves more slowly, approaching zero as the object approaches the speed of light. Of course, this would undercut the earlier portion of the book, in which time is viewed as moving with regularity as far as a clock is concerned, as distinguished from the movement of psychological time; it would have been most interesting to see if and how Gil would have reconciled these two facets.

Another scientific phase was to point out that, as we look outward into space, we also look backward in time, so that the star we see may actually have been extinguished many years ago and another star which is now "there" is not seen by us, as the light from that star is still travelling toward us. The consequence is that if we could stop on an instant in time, the material of that so-called instant would actually involve material of different times.

I find it interesting, and perhaps a little amusing, that I regard these scientific concepts as obscure and difficult. Gil, however, saw no problem in the presentation of these themes to an intended audience of children. A master of the written word, Gil would, I am certain, have simplified and re-simplified these concepts, like peeling an onion down layer by layer to its nub, so that even we adults could understand.

For his entire lifetime, Gil was obsessed by time: time and the law, time and punishment, the nature of time, time and the mind, time and children, time and art, saving time, making time, taking time, counting time, time, time, time. . . . Gil's time with us was so very short.

Soon after his death I found what was probably his last writing—a note to himself (to be filed under "F" for "Future Writing Projects") about a commercial he had seen on television to sell a watch with hands made of beams of light that disappeared and reappeared. He wrote:

> *The watch hands disappear because they are not hands,*
> *just electronic surges of light;*
>
> *Is it any harder to believe that this is so of*
> *the watcher of the watch?*

* * * *

Thinking about Time

This book tells some ideas
and asks some questions
for thinking about Time.

Will you take time to read this book?

How do we take time?
Do we use up time
as we swallow our food
or does it flow toward us
and past us
like a spring breeze
bearing new things
and carrying off the old?

Where does the time we have come from
and where does it go?

How do we know when time has passed?

When something *moves,* like the
hands of the clock, or the spider's legs—

When something *grows,* like a baby
or a rose or an elephant—

When something *changes*, like the
weather, or our mood—

When we just sit still and
think a thought or
dream a dream—

Something has happened,
which always means
that time has passed.

Just being alive,
with our hearts beating
and our eyes watching
and our toes wiggling,
means that time is passing.

Everything that begins and ends
takes place in time
for the beginning comes before the end
and the end comes after the beginning
and before and after mark the passage of time.

If time were to stop:—
    Nothing would happen at all,
    With no time at all,
        nothing could grow
        or change or move
        or live or die.
            Nothing would walk or run
            or swim or fly
            or climb up
            or fall down
                or even make a sound
                or blink an eye.

All those things take time
and without time
everything
would be
nothing,
nothing at all.

For a flower that doesn't grow
and a bird that doesn't fly
and a bee that doesn't buzz
and a fish that doesn't swim
    is not a flower
    and not a bird
    and not a bee
    and not a fish.

The hands of the clock move in time
and by their movement,
by the changes in their position
around the clock,
we know that time has passed
and how much time has passed—
    how many hours
    and minutes
    and seconds.

The clock has 60 seconds for every minute
and sixty minutes for every hour,
    and every second
    and every minute
    and every hour
    is just the same as every other—
        to the clock:

But not to us!
Sometimes we close our eyes at night
and when we open them again—
Zip! It's morning.
And if we're busy all the day
and having lots of fun
rushing from one thing to the next,
all of a sudden—
Zip! It's bed-time again.

But then again, sometimes,
when we're not so busy at all,
and we're just waiting for something—
for someone to come,
or a decision to be made,
or a question to be answered—
maybe that something is only a minute away,
but there's no zip! at all,—
just a long slow minute,
with time enough to
think and
worry and
remember and
imagine and
pace up and down
and bite our nails
and change our minds
and change them again
and it seems as though
that minute
will never
end.

How does time pass, making those
long and short minutes
and hours and days
and weeks and months
and years
which are all the same to the clock?

Does the clock chop out little instants,
shooting them into forever
like machine gun shells
or like beads in a row on the string of time?

Is an instant the tiniest crumb of time,
so very brief that nothing
can happen in it
at all?

But if a piece of time could be cut so short
that it had no beginning and end,
    no before and after in it—
    no room in it for anything
        to move
        or grow
        or think
        or breathe
    such a tiny crumb of time
    would be no time at all.

For anything at all to happen, even to *be*,
It needs a little room, a little time:
a little past and a little future—
not an instant, but a flow of time.

For the clock to say tick-tock it needs
    a little past,
    a little future.
For when the clock says
    Tick-
        the tock is in the future,
and when the clock says
    -Tock,
        the tick is in the past.

To say tick-tock
or kat-choo
or yoo-hoo
    or even eek!
        or oops!
needs a bit of past
and a pinch of future
just to be.

But how can it be,
How can the tick-tock be,
    in the past and in the future
    if the past is gone
    and the future has not yet arrived?
        if the tock hasn't come when the tick is here
        and the tick is gone when the tock arrives?

If the tick-tock can't really *be*
(since it is partly past and the past is gone
and it is partly future which is yet to come)
and yet we know we've heard
the clock say
tick
tock
The tick-tock must be something in our minds,
something our minds can cause to be,
something our minds put together:
catching the tick before it slips away,
holding it until the tock arrives
and hooking the tick the mind remembers
to the tock as it comes by,
to make the tick-tock
that couldn't really be,
but was
and will be
again.

So the time-thing in the mind
reaches back into the past to hold what it wants
and reaches forth to the future to grab what it needs
and draws the two together
like the blades of a scissors
closing to a point
and the point
on which the past
and the future
are drawn together
in the mind
is called
the present.

The future, we said,
does not exist.

The future is like
the dancing girl
or the thoughtful head
which the lump of clay
in the sculptor's hand
may come to be.

The future is like
the next letter
or the word we spell
in the game of GHOST;
each letter we choose
helps to decide
what the following letter
shall be.

When the sculpture is made,
or the word is spelled,
the future which held
what might come to be
is the present which holds
actuality.

Does the past exist?
Consider:
    Where is last year's birthday party?
    Where is last summer's shell hunt?
    Where is last night's kiss goodnight?

Where does each day go when it is past?
Nowhere.
It is all gone.
Completely gone.
Forever gone.
Gone.

The past, therefore, does not exist.
It is the nothing that comes from
    used-up somethings.
It is the whole collection of "all gone".

Each day as it is finished slips into
    the bottomless throat of was.

History is not the past.
No matter how well the History is drawn
it is only a picture of the past
    and the picture of the past is not the past
    any more than a painting of a boy
    can be a boy.

We take the things we have,
remains of ages past,
and figure how they fit together
to make the picture
we call History.

We paint the picture of the past
as best we can
because we need it.

We need the History that we create
because the ledge of now,
the present time,
on which we stand,
is wire-thin.

A stone we throw,
while on its way
is like the future;

Where the stone strikes the water,
the point where it hits,
is the present;

And the ripples that move out
from the point where the stone
has struck the water
are the remembered past.

Beneath those ripples,
holding them up
and receiving them
as they fade from sight,
lying deep and unclear,
with movement unseen,
is the unremembered past.

We live in the flow of time
moving in the current that carries us
    from the beginning to the end
    of our lives.

Before there were men to swim in the current of time,
Before there were men to reach toward the past
    with one hand
    and to reach toward the future
    with the other hand
        and help time to be,
Time was an empty river
flowing in the dark
from nowhere to nowhere.

No one thought about the past,
    which merely slipped away
and the future didn't matter
    since no one watched for it
    with hopes and dreams
    or cared if it came or not.

And time wasn't slow or fast
or early or late
or lucky or unlucky.

But men live in time
And time permits us to
    change
    move
    grow
    think
    remember
    forgive
    regret
    hope
    plan
    and repair
    and try again and have another chance—
        each of us in his own time.

But time will not stop for us.
        It moves on
            and on
                and on
and each day that passes is gone
and those days
as they pass by
make up our lives.

Today is the future we were waiting for.
Today is the past we will remember.
Today is the present in which we live.

And the lesson of time
is that today,
now,
is the time to be
    awake and happy
    and thoughtful and kind and good.

The lesson of time
is to make each day count
because it is precious.

A Timely Reminiscence

by Violette de Mazia*

The main ideas developed in the preceding pieces trigger a recollection from my childhood days when my father, then living in London, received a present from a friend in the United States. The present happened to be one of those large, then-in-vogue desk writing pads. The pad was held between two plates made of brightly shining brass (to me they were of gold), with the front plate hinged near the top. Below the hinged area, the front plate bore, in sweeping, elegant cursive, the engraved inscription "Time is . . . money."

Disapproving of the sentiment expressed by the statement, my father scratched a large X over the word "money" and, above the X, in equally sweeping and elegant cursive (which he could so well do), incised into the metal the word "Time." The statement thus then read "Time is . . . Time."

And who knows? Could it not be that "Time is . . . Time" is what we might all have to settle for as an answer to our queries, speculations, quandaries, wonderings, and suppositions concerning the nature of Time?

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*Director of Education of The Barnes Foundation Art Department.

A Last-Minute Addendum*

by Violette de Mazia**

Tempus fugit

Prodded and intrigued by the material on the nature of Time presented in this issue of VISTAS, I venture—though angels may fear to do so—to offer, perhaps somewhat disjointedly and with the diffidence appropriate to my status as a layman and a novice-turned-amateur on the subject, a potpourri of thoughts and observations that now occur to me.

Time, being Time, is and forever remains constant to itself. But this is not so of the meanings to us of its contents, and to disassociate Time from the significance it takes on in the unfolding of our personal lives is altogether impossible: whatever we do, feel, think takes, involves time. In fact, as far as Time concerns human beings, it stands for nothing definable as such, or measurable, until occurrences occur and, by the relationships of their sequence, set up boundaries and dimensions. What these boundaries and dimensions are, however, is not a matter of what would pinpoint Time's own beginning and end, but a matter of what can be identified and measured as "pieces" of Time. Any act of perceiving, of thinking, of feeling, of sensing is just as much an "occurrence," a "phenomenon" in our lives as is our getting up in the morning or the falling of snow or the uttering of sounds.

Time, in our minds, connects with the concept of direction—we go "forward" or "backward" in Time—and, likewise, links up with the concept of movement and of change: not for a moment is Time ever stationary—Time, truly, never stands still—for future, present and past are in a ceaseless flux of perpetual re-birth. The most infinitesimal particle or moment of Time follows, as it moves on away from, the previous infinitesimal particle or moment and precedes and moves on to

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*My two-cents worth, but also an affront to, for one, myself, who shares—but here whimsically chooses to disregard—Dr. Barnes' firm conviction that those who are ignorant about a subject (art, time, or any other) should not undertake to write about it.

**Director of Education of The Barnes Foundation Art Department.

become the subsequent one, and nothing ever remains what it was. "Never a dull moment" is the saying; "never a *still* moment" is the fact.

Time seems to be so integrally related to space and movement that all three phenomena might be but aspects of a single entity. Time and space are involved in the execution of movement, but, although the rate of speed—fast, slow—pertaining to the movement's execution lengthens or shortens the time consumed (one track runner takes, say, ten seconds less to go a mile than does another), it does not in any way affect Time's own unvarying "speed." No pedal or whip can accelerated Time's pace, nor can a brake slow it down.

Indeed, Time is always on time, in every particle of itself. At no time does Time vary its tempo—if tempo it has: an hour's time is an hour's time at any time; our clock tells us so. And when we say, "It was a slow day," or, "The time passed so fast I don't know where it went," we are, of course, misrepresenting the actual character of Time's passage. What those expressions allude to is not Time's pace, but the number (few, many, too many) of occurrences occurring in that period of Time, or to the manner (close together, far apart) of their occurring, or else to the nature of whatever we might be expecting (something anticipated with pleasure, something dreaded) to occur at the end of that period of Time.

Within the unimaginable boundless vastness of Time's all-around eternal spreading "stream," a pathway for the future to follow and a pathway for the past to follow seem to be allocated, to be reserved, as it were, for every single creature (it is *your* past and future, no one else's; it is *mine, his, hers*) and every single thing (*this* table's past and future, no other table's; *that* cloud's, *that* soap bubble's, *that* blade of grass's past and future, and not the past and future of that *other* cloud, soap bubble, grass blade, or of any infinitesimal molecule of matter) and also of every single thought formulated, feeling felt, emotion sensed, perception experienced—occurrences all—taking, occupying Time (again, *my* thoughts, feelings, emotions and perception; *yours,* etc.). These individual pathways, nonetheless, are loosely defined in their exclusive aspect: for, besides sharing the boundless eternal future and the boundless eternal past, they invade each other's territory as they enter into, encroach upon, move out of, cross, parallel, confront, oppose or collide or merge with each other.

Moreover, the individual "reserved" pathways taken by the individual future and past, basically different as they are from each other, occur simultaneously, at the very same time, at the

same "point in Time," whether it be Time of which *I* am aware, here, now, where *I* sit or Time there, now, of which *you* are aware where *you* sit, or Time anywhere, say, in Chicago, in Timbuktu. Infinite Time, however, coming and going on as it does, coincidentally, everywhere at every moment, in the same manner at the same steady and never-modified pace in our universe, does not fail to take on for us distinctive identity and human significance according to (as we already noted) the nature and the significance of the events that occur in it and of their interrelationships.

At this very moment, there is daylight in this hemisphere, and, where I am, the sky is blue, while, at this very moment in Time in the opposite hemisphere, it is night and the skies are dark; and, although we may refer to one phenomenon as daytime and to the other as nighttime, both occur simultaneously at the very same period of Time: "My time is your time" is what we say and "tells it like it is," for, at any time, Time exists equally for everybody and for everything in our world. Simultaneously, that is, and throughout the universe, an infinite number of varisized portions of Time are occurring, from the infinitesimally small to those with the magnitude of years, centuries, eons.

In its abstract infinity, its eternity, Time—"man's most precious asset," Voltaire called it—is, simultaneously and constantly for everyone, the identical, undefinable phenomenon it is, but the meanings of its contents, of course, differ for each of us. After all, our individual pasts are a matter of personal memories and knowledge, and our futures a matter of personal hopes, imaginative conjectures, expectations, fears and uncertainties. We experience Time, that is, as individuals and according to the ever-changing relationships among the ever-new occurrences—including also the intervals (themselves occurrences) that set the occurrences apart from each other—occurring in each of our lives. This is to say that a same phenomenon, experienced at the same time by various individuals (witnesses of a crime, for example), will assume a distinctive identity in the past of each individual according to such factors as that individual's place in space, the degree of clarity and precision of his background knowledge, as well as his ability to bring that knowledge to bear on new circumstances, and the depth of his interest, his sensitivity and his perceptiveness.

Whatever conceptions our mind may have of future and of past, each is relevant to the other and relevant, too, to our conception of present. We cannot conceive of or refer to future or to past except in their respective relationship to what we term present; nor can we refer to present except as the coin-

cidence of future and past. Strictly speaking, the present never is present, never, in actuality, *is* at all, since it never exists for *any* amount of time. What we look upon as the present—what we call "now" and take to be time *between* future and past—is but the instantaneous transition from future to past: as future becomes present, that "becoming present" is, in the very process of becoming, instantaneously set in the past. And the present, we could say, having taken no time in its being born, was still-born.

We could also say that we live, therefore, not in the present at all, but, in fact, only in the past: what we are, do, think, feel, have, in their very being, doing, thinking, feeling, instantaneously—in no time—become "been," become "done," become "thought," become "felt."

The past—that which is behind the "present," *i.e.,* that which occurred at what we refer to as "now" and which has, therefore, already been sensed, lived and known—exists only as occurrences, by their having occurred, establish it. It comes into being as the future, with no time whatsoever spent, transmutes itself into past at the occurrence of the present. And the future—that which is "ahead" of "now," or the present, and which, therefore, has as yet been neither sensed nor experienced and known—being immaculate of occurrences (except those projected by our imagination) on which to anchor meaningful portions of it, alone exists, as far as we are concerned, in its own right.

The past, then, having happened, and its contents having been experienced, can be known, can be recalled in our memory, though it can also fade away; but only in our fancy, our wishful thinking, our imagination can it be actually altered in any way, retrieved and undone. As infinite Time goes on, the past remains forever "having happened" and is what it was.

The future, in contrast, still-to-come, with its contents as yet to be sensed, lived, experienced and known, can, though with no assurance of being converted into past exactly as anticipated, be planned in advance, can be foreseen in our mind and imagination and there, at will, be modified. For, in reality, the future forever remains still-to-come, not-as-yet-experienced, still-to-be and, therefore, still-unknown, until, no longer ahead of what we might refer to as the event of the "current past"—*i.e.,* the experience of the moment, the "present"—the future forfeits its identity and ceases to be. If we can, in our mind, remember the past, so we can, in our imagination, project the future.

In that respect, the past, forever out of our hands, "out of our way"—it is always "the past that was"—cannot but be ac-

cepted and consented to for what it was and nothing else. The future, on the other hand, is, at least seemingly so, "at our disposal": we can plan for it, and, in our innocent optimism, we imaginatively attempt, in some way or manner, to craft it. We want to believe that, to a degree, we "have our say" and "have our way" and have the future "do our bidding" in order to accommodate our hopes, whims, and wishes.

With apologies to Marshall McLuhan for paraphrasing and elaborating on his "when we fear the future, we turn to the past," we may, indeed, fear the future for what it might portend of grief and unhappiness, or we may eagerly face it and impatiently await it for what it promises or forecasts of gratifications and joys; in either case, we can, within the limits of our imagination, prepare for it.

We turn to, and in memory recapture, the past, clear or murky, sparse of events or encumbered, complaisant or untoward, for a possible mentor, for knowledge, enlightenment and guidance, and, within the limits of our memory and our capacity to learn, we consult it. We might, however, also, in passive unconcern, do no more than let Time run its course, with a nonchalant shrug of our shoulders and a "*Che sarrà sarrà*" addressed to the inevitable and never-now future and a "let bygones be bygones" to the acknowledged, never-to-be-again, vanished past.

We are immersed, so to speak, in Time, as we are also immersed in silence and in infinite space. And as happens with silence and with infinite space—*i.e.*, that each becomes specific and measurable in human terms only when broken into by the occurrences of sound or of objects—so does it happen with Time that Time has to be broken into, intruded upon, interrupted and fragmented in order for us to become aware of it and be able to perceive some aspect of its identity by being aware of and able to perceive the relationships among the interrupting punctuations and intervals—the "pieces" of Time thus created.

Since time immemorial, man, out of necessity—for the sake, that is, of both his personal understanding and social communication, as well as for other practical purposes—and taking a cue from such basically time-regulated phenomena of our universe as the recurrent sunsets and sunrises, the nights and the days, the seasons, imposed upon Time his own standards of measurement, implemented by such tools as sun dials, time charts, calendars, clocks, speedometers, *et al.*, the use of which permits Time to be regulated in its relentless progress and its meanings to be stabilized in human terms. Thus cut into bite-

size portions—"it will take five minutes of your time," "he will graduate a year from this June," "the *Concorde* gets over the Atlantic in three hours"—Time, however imponderable in its totality, can be grasped, absorbed a piece of it at a time, and, thus, can be understood by us as it cannot be in its full regalia of abstract, out-of-our-ken-Time-infinite.*

By the same token can past and future, at least to some extent, assume distinctive identities available to human comprehension. The past, for instance, perceived in reference to the present—illusory though the present be—"moves" away from it in a sliding retreat through the immediate (*e.g.*, this past moment) to the recent (*e.g.*, last week) and then the distant (*e.g.*, years ago). Indeed, the past goes on expanding, open-ended, less and less clear or precise, until, from man's standpoint, it fades away, dissolves into vagueness and unfathomable infinity.

Similarly does the future "move," but moves towards rather than away from the present and thereby assumes diverse identities available to the human mind as it, too, is perceived and conceived in its diverse relationships to the present. Emerging out of the nebulous and unfathomable, nowhere-to-us infinity, it passes through the distant (*e.g.*, the twenty-fifth century), traverses the soon (*e.g.*, this coming Sunday), comes to the immediate (*e.g.*, in a moment) and dies at the occurrence of the stillborn present, the "current past," in the same non-instant that it yields to the birth of the past.

Undramatically and in no time does the future relinquish its identity and concede it to the past. No hyphen is there to interlink them, no pause to allow the future to "catch its breath" and provide a measure of respite—a respite, however, that would inflict upon us the inconceivable plight of timelessness, *i.e.*, inert, dead, stand-still, mind-numbing nothingness, for, to say it again, whatever it be that we do, feel, think perforce needs, requires and takes Time.

Another notion coming to mind is that, since there is a sequence, an "earlier" and a "later," in the occurrences that are to come and that have come and gone, the future and the past have each their own future and their own past, so that they

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*Time is defined in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* as "the measured and measurable *period* [emphasis mine] during which an action, process, or condition exists or continues" (an hour-long lecture, a five-minute chat), thus in a way compounding the dilemma regarding the nature of Time; for, of "period" *Webster's* says that it is "*a portion of time* [emphasis mine] determined by some recurring phenomenon." This circular manner of defining Time leaves us, literally and figuratively, at an impasse: what it says in essence is that Time is Time—not at all fair, though perhaps to be admired for a certain deftness in circumventing the dilemma.

are, at one and the same time, both past and future. And, juggling further with these ideas, the future, having occurred earlier than the past (the past is still to come after the future is there), is the past's past, and, in the obverse, the past, occurring, by the same relationship, later than the future, is the future's own future.*

And where are we? Deeper into the jungle? No, because the point just observed regarding the reciprocal relationship between past and future is truly elementary: for, isn't it in the nature of consecutive things that one, inasmuch as it precedes another, belongs to that other's past and that, conversely, the second one, inasmuch as it succeeds the first, belongs to the future of that first one.

Yet, with all that, the past and the future, always in progress while diverging from each other in their respective rapport with the present—the future, endlessly continuing to come, to draw, diminuendo, towards it, and the past, endlessly continuing to have come and be gone, moving, crescendo, away from it—elapse as a continuum along the single-direction course from infinite future steadily on to infinite past.

And now, tossing a couple of questions, possibly preposterous, at the scholars who know how to ponder the imponderable: could the notion be seriously entertained and explored—and has it been—that the entire system or framework involving Time within our universe might perform the other way around—that infinite Time stands still, implacably static in infinite space, and that it is our universe that travels away from the past and towards the future? Or, that they both move away from and towards each other? And that the generally accepted view of Time as it relates to our world is but an illusion, as it is an illusion, too, that our train car standing still at the station is moving, when it is the train alongside our tracks that has started off. And do we not also experience an illusion when we "see" the sun "move" across the sky along its trajectory from sunrise to sunset around our "standstill" planet? Galileo's "*Eppur si muove,*" however, showed it is not so.†

And then one thinks of Capistrano, of the swallows which

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*The signing of the Declaration of Independence, for instance, which was, prior to 1776, in the future of everyone and everything in our universe, became, at a certain instant on July 4, 1776, part of the past of an infinite number of people and things and, in more specific, though varying, relationships, became the future and the past of particular individuals (the signers, for instance) and of particular things (the desk used for the signing, the pen, the city in which it was signed, etc.)—*i.e.*, those people and things directly involved in whatever way or degree in *that* occurrence at *that* time in *that* place.

†Both of these views find support in the English language: "I can't wait until next year gets here," for instance, is just as common an idiomatic form as "I can't wait to get to next year."

return to it year after year—and never miss—on exactly the same day; of the groundhog and his yearly date with the sun, thus marking the end of his hibernation; and of other similar chemically based, or instinctive, time-sensitive behavior. Are we all, then, and everything else in our unverse, not only immersed in Time, but in some manner, also, infiltrated and, to some extent, controlled by it?

We have heard and shall hear many questions and arguments regarding the nature of Time, and we have heard and shall hear many answers. In the meantime, "this, too, will pass" might now, perhaps, wrap up my daring excursion from my own world on *terra* somewhat *firma* into what, for me, was and still is *terra* so very much *incognita*.

Since my mind had never dwelled inquisitively on the question of Time and its relationship to our universe and our life on earth, my excursion into that foreign territory was, for me, a voyage of intriguing discoveries, and I had fun all along the trip. I am also happy that "A Last-Minute Addendum" was completed just in time still to be given entry in this time-oriented issue of VISTAS.

Finally, to the above time-consuming mental gymnastics and the medley of lay observations, free-floating musings, meandering thoughts, idiosyncratic notions, metaphoric language, perplexing questions, and straightforward statements of beliefs—some meshing or overlapping each other or in some way entangled and probably confusing, some possibly disconcertingly banal, and all of them somewhat off the cuff and surely by someone elsewhere, at some time, *déjà dits*—I would still add, and no one to say me nay, that, when everything is said and pondered, Time, at all times and for everyone and everything in our universe, is incontestably, adamantly imperturbable, irrevocable and inexorable and is . . . Time, hence, at one and the same time, also . . . timeless.

Like sand flowing between our fingers, thus fugit Tempus.

For the next issue of VISTAS, we shall return from the elusive realm of abstract perceptions and imponderable questions that characterized our Time probe in order to explore the simpler and down-on-earth locale of the art of Henri Rousseau in an article authored by Harry Sefarbi, a member of the faculty of the Art Department of The Barnes Foundation.

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